

## APPENDIX

### AN AMERICAN CREED

I believe in my country.

I believe in the principles of freedom upon which it is founded and in the ideals toward which it is striving.

I believe that, as my homeland, it is worthy of my love and my protection.

I believe that, since those who established it and those who have thus far upheld it, did sacrifice much for its welfare; I, too, should be willing to sacrifice greatly that it may survive among nations.

I believe that we as a nation should strive for ever to hold peaceful relationships with all the peoples of the earth and that we should, therefore, avoid all acts that savor of discourtesy, selfishness, or tyranny towards our fellowmen.

I believe that it is my duty so to live that I shall never cast the shadow of disgrace upon my country, but that my every word and deed shall reflect honor upon it and its institutions.

I believe that I should be willing to serve it in times of peace with whatever talents I may possess, and this too without expecting therefrom any profit whatsoever save that my country's gain is my personal pride and its prosperity my ardent desire.

I believe that I should be willing to serve it in times of war, because its loss is my loss and its destruction my greatest earthly misfortune.

I therefore vow that, for my country's sake, I shall endeavor to live nobly, act justly toward all men, and nations, strive to reflect its glory and righteousness in all my doings, and, if need be, sacrifice my all, even to my life, in defense of my homeland.

So help me God this vow to keep!

## In Hallowed Fields

In Hallowed Fields the flowers blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark or place, and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead? Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow.  
Loved and were loved and now we lie,  
In Hallowed Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you with failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, through flowers grow  
In Hallowed Fields.

## The Reply to Those Who Sleep In Hallowed Fields

Rest ye in peace ye Heroes Dead!  
The fight that ye so bravely led  
We've taken up, and we will keep  
True faith with you who sleep  
With each a cross to mark his bed -  
And flowers blowing overhead  
Where once His own life blood ran red:  
So let your sleep be sweet and deep.  
Ye Heroes Dead!

Fear not that ye have died for naught;  
The torch ye threw to us we caught!  
Ten million hands will hold it high,  
And Freedom's light will never die.  
We've learned the lesson that ye taught,  
Ye Heroes Dead!

## Memorial Service

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who has dominion over life and death, grant to us the grace to remember with love and reverence our valiant and honored departed comrade. Grant peace and eternal rest to those who have gone before us, and make us ready for that last hour. Strengthen adn console those in sorrow and bestow upon us Thy everlasting blessing. AMEN.